

JOHN RANDOLPH
OF ROANOKECharacter of Great Statesman
Most Beautifully Portrayed.

BY R. C. BRAXTON BRYAN

A Man of Many Moods, But
Equally Undying
Principle.

The address of Rev. Dr. C. Braxton Bryan at Randolph-Macon College Thursday evening, presenting the picture of John Randolph, of Roanoke, on behalf of his brother, Mr. Joseph Bryan, was declared by all to be a gem. The interesting sketch of the great statesman, John Randolph, created great interest. It was as follows:

"To attempt to portray the character of John Randolph would be a most difficult undertaking. He was pre-eminently a man of moods; and while the most consistent man conceivable in maintaining his principles, the manifestations of his moods were as diverse as the portraits which have survived him, varying from the exquisite portrait by Gilbert Stuart, luminous with youth and genius, to the sinister and skeleton-like sketch of the figure that walked the streets of London in 1830. His public life began in 1799, and was prominent from the first. For thirty odd years he was the most obdurate and the most frequently quoted man, certain in his own State, possibly in the United States. His personal characteristics were so marked that they became necessities, or pronounced eccentricities. But while a common result of eccentricities is that the eccentric individual becomes an object of amusement to others, few men have ever lived who were taken more seriously than John Randolph. It rarely occurred to any man to take any liberty with him, and it never occurred to the same man's mind more than once. One who knew him most intimately wrote thus of him more than twenty-five years ago:

"The training of John Randolph's childhood was by persons of the most refined and virtuous types of that period, and his early life was spent among such. "The society of Williamsburg, then the court end of the Dominion, was modeled after the highest standard of grace, polish and refinement known among the nobility of England. Mr. Randolph's stepfather (his own father having died when he was almost an infant), the elder St. George Tucker, was an elegant gentleman, and belonged to the highest order of nature's noblemen. His mother was a lady of rare grace, beauty and intellect. His stepfather's second wife, Mrs. Lem Tucker, had few equals and no superior in this or any other country.

"Entering public life at the earliest possible period, Mr. Randolph was from the first admired for a graceful deliberation of manner which impressed every one about him. He never did anything in a hurry. I have often wished it were possible to approach and shake hands as he did. These graces of his manner were neither his own, nor his father's, nor his mother's, nor his stepfather's, nor in the refined circles at Washington or abroad.

"In the society of ladies his manner was deferential, and the effect was magnetic to a degree that made him greatly admired by them. His sensitive and intuitive perception of the beautiful made him use words in a way which struck everyone who heard him. His tone and manner seemed to give them new power. "In his person, Mr. Randolph was most scrupulously neat, and his modest dwelling was more free from everything that could soil a house or yard than any other place I ever saw. No fowls of any kind were allowed on the premises, nor was a horse permitted to graze in the yard.

"His shunned the place. "In 1816 Mr. Randolph took it upon him to direct the education of three very young orphan boys, the eldest of whom was barely ten years old. They passed their vacation of about two months of the year at Mr. Randolph's house, where they were treated as his children, some of them often sleeping in the same bed with him, and

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One trial will convince you that it is, as we claim, the finest beer on this market, possessing bouquet flavor and body unequalled.



Portrait of John Randolph of Roanoke. Painted by Richmond's distinguished artist, W. L. Sheppard, and presented to Randolph-Macon College by Mr. Joseph Bryan.

when away receiving letters from him frequently. He took an interest in their manners, language and reading; made them say their prayers, and often read to them. In his intercourse with these boys, the sweetness of his manner and consideration to their blunders was truly paternal. "In a letter to these little friends off at school, in which he tells them of provision he has made for their shirts and pantaloons, he speaks of the time when they will come back to him. "You will return with Johnny, and I trust with clean faces, hands, teeth and clothes. If any are to be dirty, let it be the last." Again he writes to them: "I have thought often and much about you. Tom's tears are precious to me. Do not forget to write to me. Remember me in your prayers." "Fifteen years afterwards he wrote with dying fingers his last words to one of those boys, then a young man. "I refer to this side of Mr. Randolph's

character, because it is often not known or suspected. That at this very time he was the most feared and the most hated by his opponents of any man in public life, is well known. And truly it was not without reason that he was both feared and hated by those whom he opposed.

The poet Whittier, so far removed from Randolph in ideas and manner of life, admitted him profoundly, and sang his requiem in sincere lines, which give a poetic conception of this genius and his worth.

"O Mother Earth, upon thy lap,
Ty weary ones receiving,
And o'er them silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving;
Fold softly to thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken."

"Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scornings;

MONUMENT AT STATESVILLE.



This monument was unveiled at Statesville, N. C., on Memorial Day. It is by Moynihan and a duplicate of his figure of an infantryman in the group at Chickamauga.

Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness.
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

"There, where with living ear and eye,
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps, still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

"Bard, sage and athlete! in himself
All moods of mind contrasting.
The tenderest will of human eye,
The scornful lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human."

"Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear pictures of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness;
And over all romance and song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laureled Clit at his side,
Her startled pages showing."

"All parties feared him; each in turn
Beheld his schemes disjoined,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe or cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe pretense was wearing."

"Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished;
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion."

"Still, through each change of fortune
Rack'd nerve and brain all burning,
His loving faith in motherland
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's tide,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her river's rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rising before him."

"He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretenses,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For Scriptural defenses;
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scornings,
Fell firelike on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawnings."

"He held his slaves, yet kept the white
His reverence for the human,
In the dark vaults of his will
He saw but man and woman;
No hunter of God's rugged poor,
His Roanoke valley entered,
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured."

"And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for slumber,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother man stood weeping;
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To freedom's duty giving,
With falling tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living."

"Oh, never bore his ancient state
A truer son or braver!
Now, trampling wit his foamer scorn
On foreign hate or favor;
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing."

"No wonder this strange man attracted the admiration and held the allegiance of his constituents in a rare degree. And he did so in a way which made him say that no man ever had or ever would have such constituents as his. "No wonder this strange man caused account for this inclination being named after him; and these motives will be found, not in his prodigious and amazing will, not in the rare qualities of his mind, his comprehension, retentive and unflinching memory; his intuitive powers of arriving at just conclusions in a way which seemed to dispense with the laborious and gradual processes of argument necessary to ordinary men; not in the rich resources of his classical and literary attainments, nor in his luminous and impetuous and unique powers of oratory, in which he brought these resources to bear upon his argument and his hearers; but the reason will be found in qualities which were moral and patriotic in quality which were not peculiar to himself, but his personal gifts, but which all good men might aspire to, and every good man must approve. "His faults were as manifest as his most brilliant and admired qualities. The greatest were his terrible and ungo-

vernable temper, and his constitutional lack of sympathy, or, rather, the narrow limits within which it flowed; for it was full and intense where it was bestowed. Of these faults and many more he was painfully aware, and he suffered deep remorse and repentance on their account. There was no deceit and no hypocrisy in John Randolph. But, whatever he may be said of his faults, certain great qualities of his nature shone out. He was a man who stood like a rock—unmoved. Certainly he was the most consistent, uncompromising statesman this country ever saw.

"And what was the practical principle which guided this brave, unflinching soul? It was devotion to his State. He desired that every other man should love his own State and seek its prosperity; but, whatever any other man did, he loved Virginia with his whole heart, and served her with his might. He believed that in a Confederacy of States as large in extent and as diverse in interest as these United States, it was easily possible to invest the central government with powers so great that they would inevitably be used to the abuse, if not the destruction, of the rights and prosperity of some of the States. He believed that we were in danger of these consequences under the Constitution of the United States. He drank in that truth from Patrick Henry in the beginning, and, as the years passed, he saw the dread possibility being realized in the introduction and spread of the American system advocated so successfully by his great opponent, Henry Clay. To Clay's doctrine of the United States Bank, of the tariff, the tariff for protection and for internal improvements, to be wrought out by the general government, Randolph opposed as a vital principle, the fundamental and primeval doctrine of the autonomy and the rights of the States. No period of good feeling, no season of prosperity, no temporary expediency, no

"What grief, what indignation could have equalled his, if he could have lived to see the day when his own Virginia—in conflict for the rights for which he stood so bravely and so long—was at last conquered, dismembered, disfranchised, and no longer a State, but "District One" of the military government! "States' rights as understood by the founders of this government, and as maintained by Randolph, no longer exist, and this portrait is a memorial of our hero's loss in a great battle lost. How would adjust himself under our present system, it is hard to conceive; but one thing is sure, he would bring with him the imperishable elements of utter bravery, staid honesty, invincible constancy, and a faith in the right, and devotion to his State. It can hardly be imagined that he would be a hustling representative in securing government appropriations, but he would be clean beyond suspicion, and he would defend his honor and his liberties with his life. With this conception of him, we commend his venerable example still to the youth of our land."

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
W. H. GOOCH.

Unfortunate circumstances has deprived me of my little store of funds, and I now find myself broke and compelled to seek other means of livelihood. I have, therefore, located myself with BEN TERRY for the coming year, and I ask my friends to give me their patronage, and to send what orders they can to Ben Terry, Clarksville, Va.

Our reasonable prices are quoted below:

Corn Whiskey... \$1.50 per gallon.
4-year-old Corn Whiskey, \$2.00 per gallon.
1-gallon jug Corn Whiskey... \$1.50
2-gallon jug Corn Whiskey... \$3.00
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Send all orders to Clarksville, Va., to Ben Terry, and I will see that they are promptly attended to.

References: Bank of Mecklenburg, Va.; First National Bank of Oxford, N. C., and prominent citizens of Virginia and North Carolina.

Yours truly,
W. H. GOOCH.

I concur in the above.
BEN TERRY.

An Entire Stock of Dry Goods and
Notions to be Sold in Ten Days!

Commencing MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, at 8:30 o'clock. The goods must be sold regardless of price. The late spring and over buying is the cause of this great sacrifice of the entire stocks of W. P. ROSE, 317 East Broad Street, corner Fourth Street. See the big sign. Great sacrifice sale of the entire stock. Everything new, bought this season, and must be sacrificed.

25c RED TABLE DAMASK
per yard 15c
Fine 10c and 12 1-4c LAWNS,
Sacrifice price, per yard..... 5c
40-inch FINE WHITE LAWNS, 4 1/2c,
FINE BROWN COTTON, yard 3c.

A job lot of MEN'S FINE
SHIRTS..... 39c

20c LINEN CANNON
CLOTH, per yard..... 12 1/2c

25c FINE WHITE INDIA
LINEN, to go at..... 12 1/2c

The best Quality ELASTIC
SEAM DRAWERS..... 39c

BLEACHED and UN-
BLEACHED JEANS DRAW-
ERS 23c

25c, SUSPENDERS, 10c, and 15c.

500 yards of fine and beautiful
patterns VELVET VELOUR for furniture
covering, sells everywhere for
75c 39c

LADIES' TAN HOSE, 5c.

LADIES' BLACK HOSE, 5c.

SHIRT WAISTS in a variety of
styles—
48c, 75c, 95c, and \$1.00.

GOOD PERCALE WAISTS,
in dark or light, for 25c

BLACK SATTEEN UNDER-
SKIRTS, regular 75c and \$1.00
ones, for 48c

PANCY COLORED UNDER-
SKIRTS, nicely made..... 48c

LADIES' WAIST SKIRTS,
something new for the house..... 50c

WHITE DUCK and P. K. SKIRTS,
in a large assortment of styles, made
in the latest style—
70c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

MISSIE DUCK SKIRTS, 50c, and
75c.

DANISH CLOTH, in
cream, white, pink and
blue, per yard 12 1/2c

LINEN FINISH CANNON
CLOTH 93 1/4c

CHILDREN'S RIBBED HOSE, 5c.

MEN'S TAN and BLACK SOCKS,
per pair for less than 12 1-2c per
pair, at this sale..... 7c

24-inch COTTON BIRDEYE, 50c.

MISSIE DUCK SKIRTS, 50c, and
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24-inch COTTON BIRDEYE, 50c.

CORSETS.
GIRDLE CORSETS, well
made and good fitting..... 25c

One lot of about five hundred COR-
SETS all styles, regular \$1.00 and
\$1.25 Corsets, your choice at..... 39c

MEN'S SOCKS, in cold black
or tan, lace effects, per pair..... 10c

TOWELS at 5c, TOWELS at 10c,
TOWELS at 12 1/2c, all extra good
values.

LARGE TURKISH TOWELS, 10c.

FANS at half price.

LADIES' GAUZE VESTS, tape
neck and sleeves, regular 12 1-2c
kind 10c

LACE HOSE for Ladies, lace
all the way to the toe..... 10c

One lot of LADIES' FINE DROP
STITCH HOSE, regular 10c
quality, per pair 10c

CHILDREN'S LACE HOSE,
in black, white and tan, per
pair 10c

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS,
good and strong, per pair..... 15c

MEN'S 4-PLY LINEN CUFFS, 10c,
and 12 1/2c.

CHILDREN'S HANDKER-
CHIEFS, piece 2c

LADIES' FINE LINEN CAM-
BRIDGE HANDKERCHIEFS, neat
hemstitched 4c

MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS in great
variety, 4c, 5c, 6c, and 10c. Sold
for double.

One lot MEN'S GAUZE
SHIRTS, regular 25c ones, for..... 15c

BOYS' SHIRT WAISTS, 10c.

CHILDREN'S PARASOLS—
25c, 45c, 75c, and \$1.00.

LADIES' UMBRELLAS, 25c.

BOYS' PANTS that sold as
high as 50c, all..... 25c

Our assortment of MEN'S SOFT
WHITE SHIRTS have been great
sellers; the balance of the lot
will be closed out at..... 25c

MEN'S 4-PLY LINEN COLLARS,
good quality and in nice order,
5 for 25c

One lot MEN'S COLLARS, piece 3c.

The Bon Marche,

317 East Broad Street,
Corner Fourth.

clamoring emergency, could blind his reason to what he knew to be the workings of human nature, and the destructive of the principles he opposed. One by one, he saw his old companions in the struggle for States' rights fall away under the attractions, the rewards, the pressure of the new system. With the exception of Macon, he stood at last, almost alone. But, go where he would, he stood his ground; and Macon with him. He would rather be in the minority with Macon, he said, than in the majority with the rest of the house. He stated his convictions, these words: "The inevitable tendency of this system, by even a fair exercise of the powers of the Federal government, has a centrifugal force, the centrifugal force, not being sufficient to overcome it, and at every period of revolution, we are drawing nearer and nearer to the final extinguishment that awaits us."

"What grief, what indignation could have equalled his, if he could have lived to see the day when his own Virginia—in conflict for the rights for which he stood so bravely and so long—was at last conquered, dismembered, disfranchised, and no longer a State, but "District One" of the military government! "States' rights as understood by the founders of this government, and as maintained by Randolph, no longer exist, and this portrait is a memorial of our hero's loss in a great battle lost. How would adjust himself under our present system, it is hard to conceive; but one thing is sure, he would bring with him the imperishable elements of utter bravery, staid honesty, invincible constancy, and a faith in the right, and devotion to his State. It can hardly be imagined that he would be a hustling representative in securing government appropriations, but he would be clean beyond suspicion, and he would defend his honor and his liberties with his life. With this conception of him, we commend his venerable example still to the youth of our land."

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and appreciation of parents by the high character of the school's service.

MORE CHARTERS GRANTED
Four New Charters Authorized
By the Commission.

The State Corporation Committee yesterday granted the following charters: Virginia Charter Company (inc.), Norfolk; T. F. Tigman, president; R. Randolph Hines, vice-president; M. S. Lawrence, secretary and treasurer. Capital, \$10,000. Objects, to assist and promote corporations, to act as agents for corporations. The American Fraternity (inc.) Alexandria; R. H. Frear, president; Harriette W. Va.; M. B. Gauger, vice-president; M. F. Partlow, secretary; M. C. Partlow, treasurer, Washington, D. C. Objects, a beneficiary association for the protection of its members in case of accident, sickness, old age and death. Walters & Co., a corporation, Graham; John Walters, president, Graham; S. A. Tor, president, Hiramsville, W. Va.; A. Hollman, secretary and treasurer, Graham. Capital stock, \$100,000. Objects, to conduct a wholesale grocery business, to buy and sell at wholesale, flour, meats, hay, grain and all articles usually handled by grocers, also to own and operate flour, meat, chop mills, to own and operate bakeries, etc. Charlottesville Canning Company (inc.), county of Albemarle; Channing M. Holton, president, Albemarle county; H. E. Macgregor, vice-president, Albemarle county; R. A. Walters, director, Charlottesville. Capital, \$10,000. Objects, to conduct canning and pickling business, establish a mainline a cold storage plant.

Microbe of Laziness.

It turns out that the "microbe of laziness" is no joke after all, but is a living actuality. In his report to the Legislature of the island of Porto Rico, states that probably ninety per cent. of the rural population of Porto Rico suffer from malaria, blood and red